

HANNA OUTWITTED BY BUSHNELL.

The Ohio Governor Himself to Take John Sherman's Place in the Senate.

Will Resign His Present Office and Have the New Governor, Jones, Appoint Him Senator.

Then Foraker, Bushnell and Their Friends Will Begin the Battle to Keep Hanna from Being Elected by the Next Legislature.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 30.—After several days spent in visiting Cleveland, Columbus and this city, I am able, on the very highest authority, to give the complete solution of the "Ohio situation," so called, as created by the practically extorted promise from John Sherman to withdraw from the United States Senate and the previously conceived intention of Marcus A. Hanna to secure his place.

Out of this state of things has arisen a contention that is absurdly awkward, because the vacancy has not yet been made, and Governor Bushnell is being badgered from Washington and by every influence that the next Administration can bring to bear to state his position. He has sturdily refused, but it can be accurately told, and will be here stated for the first time.

Governor Bushnell's Intentions.
On authority that is unimpeachable, I am able to state:

First—Governor Bushnell will not appoint Marcus Alonzo Hanna to fill the seat in the Senate made vacant when John Sherman resigns.

Second—A special session of the Ohio Legislature will not be called. The reasons for this are many. The chief one is that Bushnell wants the seat in the Senate himself.

Third—When the resignation of Senator Sherman is received, Governor Asa S. Bushnell will resign, Lieutenant-Governor Asa W. Jones will become Chief Executive, and will promptly appoint his predecessor to the vacant seat in the Senate. This is the programme, and it will be carried out to the letter.

Fourth—Major McKinley will be privately informed of the Governor's intention within the next twenty-four hours, as no desire, is felt to embarrass the President-elect by delaying the completion of his Cabinet, and it is assumed that Mr. Hanna, falling in his Senatorial aspirations, will be promptly made one of Major McKinley's official household. What the place will be is only surmise, but the best Cleveland opinion is that he will be made Postmaster-General.

Thus will the Ohio situation be finally solved. Mr. Hanna formally announcing himself as a candidate for the long term, and entering the field as a factor in the choice of members in the next Legislature.

That it will be a money campaign is admitted on all sides, and there are some Republicans left in Ohio who declare that the State will not be dishonored by the corruption of voters in or out of the Legislature. They point to the cases of two members of the Ohio Senate, for whom the penitentiary doors yawn, and say that the prisons will be filled if necessary to preserve the honor of the Buckeye State.

Why Hanna Is Unpopular.

Such the effect, now for the cause. This may be set forth in the words of one of the most prominent citizens of Cincinnati.

"Fully one-half of the Republicans of Ohio are inflexibly and irrevocably opposed to Mark Hanna," he began, as we faced each other across the luncheon table at the St. Nicholas this afternoon. "These Republicans are not all Foraker men today, but they remember the hostility that McKinley evinced toward the Senator, aided and abetted by the sly advice of Mr. Hanna. They know that for years the President-elect has been under the influence of the Cleveland man, and they hold Hanna, rather than McKinley, responsible for all the foul blows that have been dealt below the belt."

"Briefly give me the history of the feud," I said.

"It dates back to Foraker's defeat for Governor," was the reply. "After that contest was over facts came into the possession of our party leaders that render ordinary treachery respectable. Conkling's fight against Blaine in New York in 1884 was open and above board by comparison. Do you know that all the charges of duplicity made against Foraker regarding Sherman's candidacy were fomented by these very people? Foraker nominated Sherman and worked for his success with the fidelity of a dog, and yet he was nearly

destroyed by the people who should have honored him.

The Deal with Foraker.

"When Foraker had rehabilitated himself by sheer force of intellect and energy and the aspirations of Major McKinley had grown to the size of the Presidential nomination he called with his friend Herrick on Foraker in Columbus and almost besought his help in the convention. I have it from Foraker's own lips that, smarting under the treatment he had received after the Sherman episode, he had decided not to be a delegate to the National Convention. He had just been elected Senator, and was sure of his place for six years. Foraker so informed McKinley, who then begged him to reconsider his decision, saying that all Republicans unfriendly to his candidacy would declare that he (Foraker) opposed him. In the next breath he asked him to make the nominating speech.

"Foraker still hesitated. He asked nothing, but McKinley then voluntarily stated that John Sherman would probably not be a candidate for re-election, and that the patronage of the State could be turned over to the junior Senator. This did not satisfy Foraker, and he said so. What was the Government patronage in Ohio to him? Then it was that Major McKinley made the positive promise to him that at no future time would he exert any influence to put a colleague in the United States Senate who was objectionable to him.

Hanna Was the Man.

"Mr. Hanna was not mentioned by name, but indisputable evidence can be adduced to prove that he was in the minds of all parties to the agreement."

"This looks like a deal," I suggested. "Of course it was, and such bargains are common to politics everywhere. Now Mr. Hanna repudiates this compact, voluntarily offered by McKinley, and brushes aside all the subsequent acts of fidelity on Foraker's part. Does he forget that under that pledge Foraker went to St. Louis and made one of the greatest speeches ever heard in a national convention? Mr. Hanna has nothing to say about the Zanesville convention the year before, and it is quite as well that he has not. Everybody knows what treachery was meditated there, and only defeated by the utmost vigilance."

"Has anything occurred lately?" I inquired. "Yes, no later than Thanksgiving Day," was the prompt rejoinder.

"On that day Mr. Hanna privately announced that he would be made Postmaster-General."

Continued on Page Thirty-five.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Continued from Thirty-third Page.

Madison Square Garden, but the half of the roof of one has fallen in, carrying the flooring with it, and the adobe walls and one side of the sloping roof and the high wooden piles on which half of the floor once rested are all that remain. Some time ago an unusually high tide swept in under these warehouses and left a pool of water a hundred yards long and as wide around the wooden piles, and it has remained there undisturbed. This pool is now covered a half inch thick with green slime. Blue and yellow gases have colored it in spots, and a damp fungus has spread over the wooden posts and up the sides of the walls.

Poisonous Exhalations from Below.

Over this sewage are now living three hundred women and children and a few men. The floor beneath them has rotted away and the planks have broken and fallen into the pool, leaving big gaps through which rise day and night damp stenchies and poisonous exhalations from the pool below. The people above it are not ignorant of their situation. They know they are living over a death trap, but there is no other place for them to go.

Bands of guerillas and flying columns have driven them in like sheep to this city, and, with no money and with no chance to obtain work, they have taken shelter in the only place left open to them. With planks and blankets and bits of old sheet iron they have, for the sake of decency, put up barriers across these abandoned warehouses, and there they are now sitting on the floor or stretched on heaps of rags, gaunt and hollow-eyed. Outside, in the angles of the fallen walls and among the refuse of the warehouses, they have built fireplaces, and with the few pots and kettles they use in common they cook what food the children can find or beg.

One gentleman of Cardenas told me that hundreds of these people called at his house every day for a bit of food. All the old lumber that once lay around the place has been used for firewood, and now they are reduced to dragging the swamps for sticks which are as hard as ash and covered with mud and water.

Worse Off Than the Johnstown Survivors.

Old negroes and little white children, some of them as beautiful in spite of their rags and dirt as any children I ever saw, act as the providers for this hapless colony. They beg the food and gather the sticks and do

the cooking. Inside, the old women and young mothers sit on the rotten planks listless and silent, staring ahead of them at nothing.

I saw the survivors of the Johnstown flood when the horror of that disaster was plainly written in their eyes, but destitute as they were of home and food and clothing they were in better plight than those fever-stricken, starving pacificos, who have sinned in no way, who have given no aid to the rebels, but whose only crime is that they lived in the country instead of in the town, and who are to suffer because General Weyler, finding he cannot hold the country as he can the towns, lays it waste and treats those who lived there with less consideration than the Sultan of Morocco shows to the murderers in his jail at Tangier.

Had these people been guilty of the most unnatural crimes their punishment could not have been more severe or their end more certain.

Fitful Scene in a Hospital.

I found the hospital for this colony behind three blankets which had been hung across a corner of the warehouse. A young woman and a man were lying side by side, the girl on a cot and the man on the floor. The others sat within a few feet of them, on the other side of the blankets, apparently lost to all sense of their danger and too dejected and hopeless to even raise their eyes when I gave them money. A fat little doctor was caring for the sick woman, and he pointed through the cracks in the floor at the green slime below us and held his fingers to his nose and shrugged his shoulders. I asked him what ailed his patients, and he said it was yellow fever, and pointed again at the slime which moved and bubbled in the hot sun.

He showed me babies with the skin drawn so tightly over their little bodies that the bones showed through as plainly as the fingers under a glove. They were covered with red sores, and they protested as loudly as they could against the treatment the world was giving them, clenching their fists and sobbing with pain when the sore places came in contact with their mothers' arms. A planter who had at one time employed a large number of these people, and who was moving about among them, said that 500 had died in Cardenas since the order to leave the fields had been issued. Another gentleman told me that in the huts at the back of the town there had been twenty-five cases of smallpox in one week, of which seventeen had resulted in death.

President Cleveland's Duty Plain.

I was taught in the days of "old journalism" that reporters were meant to describe things they saw, and not to write editorials but to leave the drawing of conclusions to others; nor do I understand that it is

AMATEUR SURGERY IN CUBA, BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

AMATEUR SURGERY IN CUBA—Spanish soldiers dressing each other's wounds is a common sight. I suppose they do this because there is no one more competent to do it for them. Quien sabe!

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

Jaruco, Cuba, Jan. 13, 1897.



Frederic Remington

any part of a reporter's work to discuss the political aspect of things and direct Senators and Congressmen and other men older than himself on points of international law or to write "open letters" to General Weyler from the safe distance of New York, or to attack the President of the United States from the greater distance of Madrid. I do not know that the President should interfere in the affairs of Cuba, but I do know that President Cleveland has better sources of information on the question than any other man can possibly have who studies it in the United States. But whatever may be the international difficulties of this matter now, this is what is likely to happen later, and it should have some weight in helping to decide the question with those whose proper business it is to determine it.

Thousands of human beings are now herded together around the seaport towns of Cuba who cannot be fed, who have no knowledge of cleanliness or sanitation, who have no doctors to care for them and who cannot care for themselves. Many of them are dying of sickness and some of starvation, and this is the healthy season. In March and April the rains will come and the fever will thrive and spread, and cholera, yellow fever and smallpox will turn Cuba into one huge plague spot, and the farmers' sons whom Spain has sent over here to be soldiers, and who are dying by the dozens before they have learned to pull the comb off a bunch of cartridges, are going to die by the hundreds, and women and children who are innocent of any offence will die, too, and there will be a quarantine against Cuba, and no vessel can come into her ports or leave them. All this is going to happen, I am led to believe, not from what I saw in one village, but in a hundred villages.

Women, Not the Men, Suffering.

It will not do to put it aside by saying that "War is war," and that "All war is cruel," or to ask "Am I my brother's keeper?" In no other war have thousands of peaceful non-combatants had their houses burned over them and they themselves left destitute in order that a rebel army might be starved into submission.

In other wars men have fought with men, and women have suffered indirectly because the men were killed; but in this war it is the women, herded together in the towns like cattle, who are going to die, while the men, camped in the fields and the mountains, will live.

It is a situation which a Red Cross army might help to better, but it seems more serious than that, and in any event it is a condition which deserves the most serious consideration from men of common sense and judgment, and one not to be treated with hysterical headlines or put aside as a necessary evil of war.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's second letter from the scene of the war in Cuba will appear in The Journal to-morrow morning. It is one of the strongest and most vivid pieces of descriptive writing ever penned on the battlefield, thrilling in its fidelity to truth—a remarkably weird recital of an incident of the war in which Mr. Davis was a participant.